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THE
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STRENGTH OF
GIBRALTAR

Men laugh till the feast is
o'er;
Then comes the reckoning,
and they laugh no more,
Unless—

**EVANS
ALE**



was drunk at the repast;
In which case
They would continue to
laugh.

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Constable & Co.
Ladies' Furnishings.
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French Underwear,
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flavour and un-
mistakable
aroma peculiar to

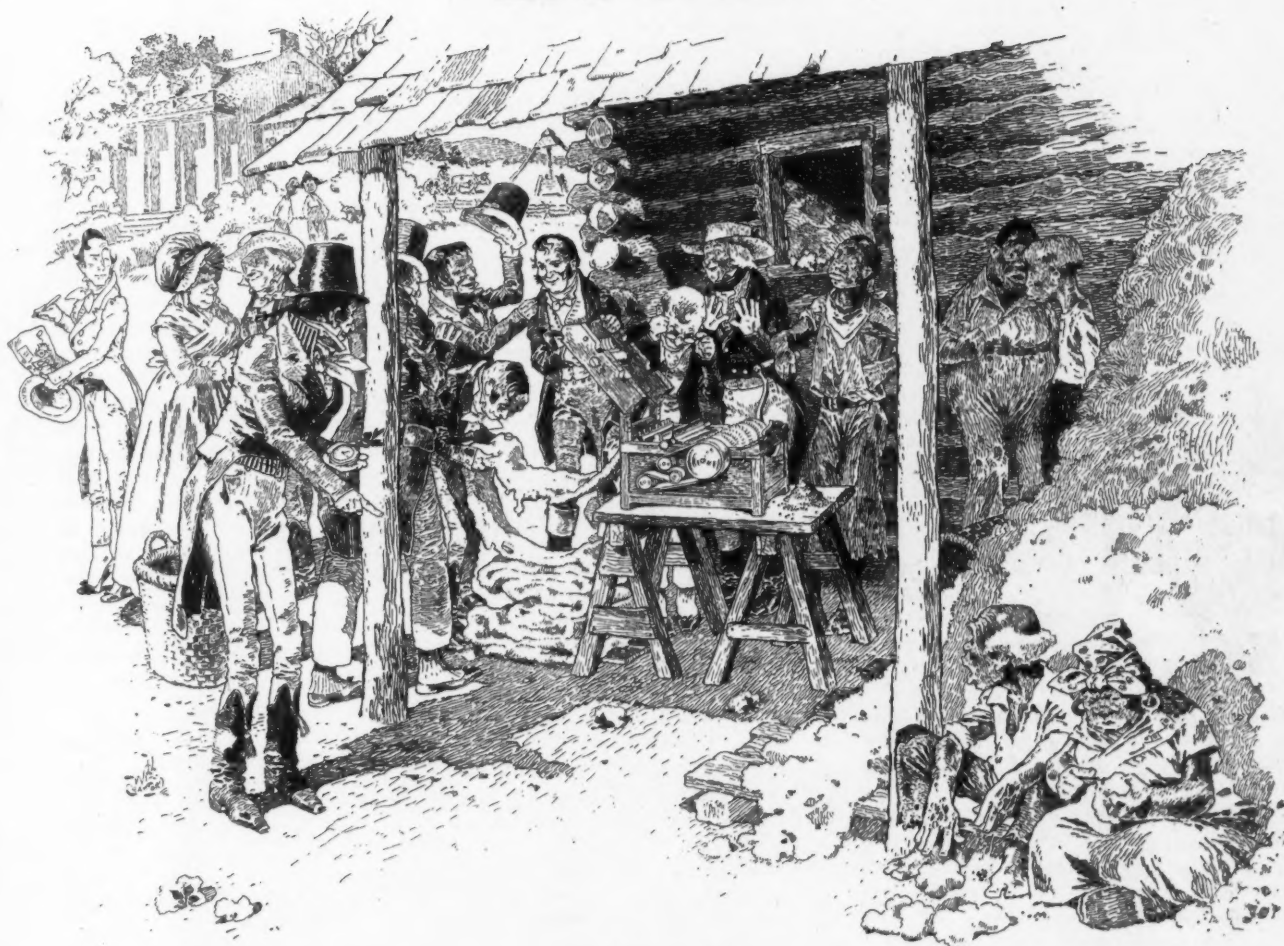
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Whisky**

are not affected in
the slightest de-
gree by the addi-
tion of carbonated
or still water. High
Balls made from
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are unusually
fragrant and de-
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a flavour which
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LIFE



HISTORIC BITS.

XXII.

ELI WHITNEY'S COTTON-GIN PROVES A SUCCESS.

A Maid to Please a Man.

I DULY appreciate maidenly toil,
Embroidery, tatting and simple crochet,
A painting on china, a study in oil—
Some girls thus employ themselves day
after day.
But they're hard to make love to when thus
they're employed,
And so for my own fiancée I insist
On a girl that's less busy. I'd be overjoyed
With one who had nothing to do but be
kissed.

Roy Farrell Greene.

A Luminous Idea.

MARK TWAIN is going to play a
joke on his contemporaries, of
which posterity only is allowed to see
the point. The announcement that he
will write a history of to-day, which
will not be published for one hundred
years, was received at first with much
incredulity. But the latest reports
declare it to be true.

This seems an easy method to achieve
what might be termed a transient im-

mortality. Authors have but to write
their books here, and have them pub-
lished hereafter at the rate of one a
century. Thus the beacon light of
individual fame may, if not kept in
perpetual glow, be made to glimmer
at regular intervals.

LIFE commends this idea to several
of our eminent authors who can afford
it. It will be a great relief not to read
any more of their works, and will give
them something to die for.

But it is hard on posterity.



"While there is Life there's Hope."
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IT is regretfully observed that, while the Governor of New York careers on his protracted rampage in the West, there is some disposition at home to dock his pay on the ground that he has been neglecting his job. It is asserted that he has only been in Albany four times since last May, and that the few visits which he has made have been very brief. Just now there is a good deal of concern about some business that is to be done with Mayor Van Wyck of New York, and anxiety is felt lest an opportunity of disciplining our Mayor, because of his connection with the Ice Trust, should be lost because our Governor can't find time to embrace it. We can't help it if it is lost. It is well enough for ordinary folks to be off with the old love before they are on with the new, but men of destiny can't be held down to rules of that sort. Within the memory of infants who have not yet shed their first teeth, our Governor has been a civil service commissioner, a police commissioner, a naval secretary, a lieutenant-colonel, a colonel, and a Governor of New York. He is a progressive man, and when a likely new job offers, chain cables could not hold him to an old one in which his usefulness seemed to have waned. Things are going well in Albany. There is a little momentary confusion about the charges against Mayor Van Wyck,

but Amos Knapp of Oyster Bay, the Governor's hired man, holds down the chair of State, and various of the Governor's secretaries turn up from time to time and spell him at his labors. Before these lines have begun to sway public opinion, the Governor himself will doubtless have spent another half-day in Albany and set all the wheels spinning. Dock his pay? No! No! Think what an advertisement he has given us! Think of his reception at Kansas City, the like of which Missouri never saw! What New York State has suffered from for months past has been not lack of government, but lack of rain. If the Colonel can shake up a succession of brisk showers for us, all will be forgiven.



THE truth is that at this writing there is more anxiety about the lack of rain than there is about the election, and more concern about coal than about China. Whichever way the election goes there will be unusual compensations for many of the defeated. A great many voters who don't choose to take the chances of a Bryan experiment, are still unconvinced that it would be so very calamitous, and feel that even if it did cost some folks some money it might be worth the expense. Of course Wall Street shudders at the thought, but Wall Street has had a pretty good innings, and folks who are not loaded up with its wares feel that the bottom might not drop out of everything even if Wall Street did shake a bit. Real estate in cities all over the country is stagnant, and the chief reason given for its sluggishness is that persons who have money to invest would rather put it into stocks than be bothered with lands or houses. Bryan's election is not prescribed by the faculty as a cure for the stagnation of real property, for panics in the past have not done land values much good, but at least it may be said that if the remedy was administered, even those who did not like it would be interested to watch its effects. The men whose exasperation at Bryan's election, if it happened, would be most entitled to respect,

would be the old-line Democrats, who would feel that it put off indefinitely the reorganization of their party.



AS for China, the Bryanites cannot make much capital out of proceedings there. So far as the country knows, or can find out, its interests there are in good hands and have been handled with discretion. The impression is widely diffused that the present Administration has learned to know when it has had enough of the fruits of victory and is not at all disposed to incur new indigestions in the Orient. Secretary Hay and Secretary Root retired successively to their beds in the country after wrestling with the Chinese question, but they seem to have spent themselves to good purpose, for the rest of us have been able to sit up and take our nourishment without much worry. How the Chinese complications will work out is still uncertain, but the Major and his advisers seem to have the under hold on Destiny, and a strong and definite intention not to be thrown down again.



IF the coal strike goes on long enough it will make real trouble. So far as the public can judge the strikers have had very favorable terms offered them including a ten per cent. advance in wages, and all that now delays settlement is either the reasonable difficulty of adjusting the terms of agreement, or else a rule or ruin sentiment among the strike leaders. If unions and union bosses have things all their own way, the result will be apt to be a tyranny over miners and operators alike which will soon become intolerable. If the strike is kept up because the great majority of the miners are afraid to accept the terms offered, because an organized minority forbids them to, that will mean terrorism for a while and eventual defeat for the miners. Happily, the outlook encourages the hope for a better result.



"WELL, DAISY, SHALL WE PAY THE HOUSE-RENT OR GIVE A DINNER?"
"WHY, GIVE THE DINNER, OF COURSE! WHAT GOOD WILL PAID-UP HOUSE-RENT DO US IF WE LOSE OUR SOCIAL POSITION?"



WE have already called attention to the possibilities for romance in Hawaiian folk-lore. In order to realize these possibilities, however, it is evidently necessary to bring to the task both skill and imagination. Neither of these requisites appears in Alex. Stevenson Twombly's *Kelen, the Surf-Rider*, which is heavy and dry in spite of the nature of the legends upon which it is founded, while the number of native words forced into the text makes the book a rival to the works of the Scottish dialecticians. (Fords, Howard and Hulbert.)

To those who have read Miss Myrtle Reed's *Love Letters of a Musician* it is only necessary to say that her *Later Love Letters of a Musician* is all that the former volume would lead them to expect. These letters form a series of exquisite unversified poems, and the charming binding in which they are presented to us is none too dainty for them. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

The Soft Side, by Henry James, is a collection of twelve stories dealing with the peculiarities of queer people. There are a number of persons who have contracted a liking for English *à la* James, but, as that gentleman himself might express it, "the majority seem, it is to them we speak, although, perversely, fond of puzzles, to like not it." Mr. James, by the way, seems to use commas as one used sand before the days of blotting-paper. Nevertheless, several of the stories are worth translating. (The Macmillan Company.)

The literary work of Henry Seton Merriman is always bright, but is usually lacking in finish. In his new work, *The Isle of Unrest*, he has signally overcome this defect. The scene is in Corsica and France at the time of the Franco-Prussian War, the characters are well sketched, and the story itself is well conceived and sustained. (Dodd, Mead and Company.)

The Infidel, by M. E. Braddon, is a poor tract and a poorer novel. If it was written merely as one more in the long list of its author's books, it may be recommended to those who like maudlin sentimentality, while if it is meant for a contribution on serious topics, it is unworthy of attention. (Harper and Brothers.)

In these days of literary mills, while indeed they grind exceeding small, yet grind so rapidly, it is with a sense of wonder that approaches incredulity that we read a book which makes us hark back to George Eliot for its counterpart. Such a book, nevertheless, is Eden Phillpott's *Sons of the Morning*. The scene, as in his *Children of the Mist*, is laid in Devonshire. Legend has ever loved to weave itself

about the names of great painters, and to tell how their pictured cherries have deceived the birds; yet it is the student of the mind, not of the form; the artist of the pen, not of the brush, whose creations really win us to a belief in their reality. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

The Wisdom of Experience.

"MY son, before you study history, you must understand the philosophy of it."

"How is that attained?"

"By practice. You must learn to discriminate between lies of doubtful origin, and those which everybody has agreed to accept."

OUR successful novelists and dramatists, Paul Ford and Clyde Fitch for instance, may achieve the substantial reward of building fine houses out of their profits, but there is a yet higher prize that the American people—or, rather, the American politicians—seem determined to keep from men of letters. Public service and political distinction. The Conservatives of Gravesend, in England, have just chosen Gilbert Parker, the Canadian novelist, as their candidate for Parliament; Rider Haggard, Augustine Birrell and John Morley—to say nothing of Labouchère—have all had their share of parliamentary service. What, on the other hand, are the sops the United States throws out to our men of letters? An occasional obscure position in the diplomatic service, and that is all. The explanation is, doubtless, to be found in the fact that men of letters retain, through all vicissitudes, somewhat more personal and public honesty than is compatible with the plans of our political powers that be.

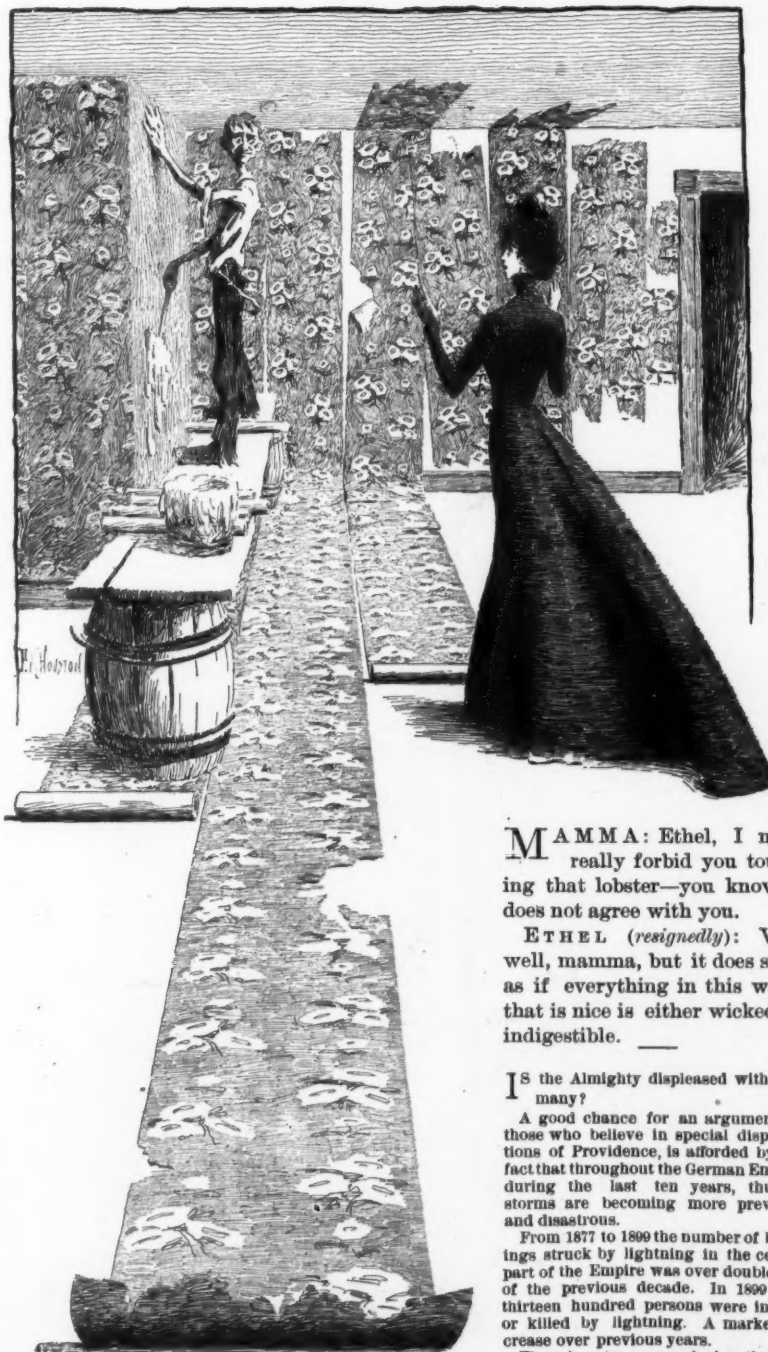
Time.

"THEY say she is a great deal older than he."

"Never mind. He will catch up."



"HERE'SH QUARTER, OLD MAN. GET A SHAVE."



"HEAVENS! YOU SAID YOU WERE A PAPER-HANGER."
 "DON'T BE ALARMED, MISS, THIS IS ONLY THE FIRST
 COAT. I'LL STICK THE SECOND ONE ON CROSSWISE, AND
 THAT'LL COVER UP ALL THE BARE SPOTS."

MAMMA: Ethel, I must really forbid you touching that lobster—you know it does not agree with you.

ETHEL (*resignedly*): Very well, mamma, but it does seem as if everything in this world that is nice is either wicked or indigestible. —

IS the Almighty displeased with Germany?

A good chance for an argument for those who believe in special dispensations of Providence, is afforded by the fact that throughout the German Empire during the last ten years, thunder storms are becoming more prevalent and disastrous.

From 1877 to 1899 the number of buildings struck by lightning in the central part of the Empire was over double that of the previous decade. In 1899 over thirteen hundred persons were injured or killed by lightning. A marked increase over previous years.

There is only one conclusion that can be entertained—Emperor William has been getting too brash. His recent utterances on the Chinese question are enough in themselves. If he wishes to take a slice of the Orient, let him do it quietly and peaceably, or else stand from under.

The Charge of the 300,000.

HALF A MILE, half a mile,
 Half a mile onward—
 Just about one mile per day
 Rode the three hundred—thousand.

Boers to right of 'em,
 Boers to left of 'em,
 Millions of Boers!
 Volleyed and thundered;
 (No one can ever tell
 Where they all came from), well,
 Anyway, on they went,
 Noble three hundred—thousand.

Flashed all their knee-pans bare,
 Flashed as they turned in air,
 Shocking the Boer girls.
 —Shooting, they wondered:
 Then the Highlanders broke
 Back through the Lyddite smoke,
 Horse Guard and Coldstreams
 Reeled from their "Back, you bloke!"
 Shattered and sundered.
 Thus they came back, but not—
 Not the three hundred—thousand.

"Halt!" And the Big Brigade
 Sat in Tugela's shade,
 (*Of course* they were undismayed!)
 While everyone blundered.
 Theirs not to get to White,
 Theirs but to sit there tight,
 And wait for three hundred—thousand.

Boers to right of 'em,
 Boers to left of 'em,
 Dozens of Boers!
 Volley and thunder.
 There they are, fighting well,
 (So all their papers tell!)
 Right in the jaws of Death.
 —Oh, how those jaws must swell
 To hold 'em—three hundred—thousand.

When will their glory fade?
 Never, while men are made
 Stupid as thunder.
 Ha! ha! The fight they've made!
 Ho! ho! The Big Brigade!
 Noble three hundred—thousand!

C. R. Bacon.

UP-TO-DATE: Reading maketh an empty man.

His Idea.

FRIEND: How does it come, Pushington, that you, who have so frenziedly denounced monopolies and combinations, have sold your factory to the Trust?

MANUFACTURER: Well, I—ah!—discovered that the best place to fight the octopus is from the inside.

In Boston.

NO doubt that everyone "knows beans" —
In Boston.

Why, college girls are in their teens —
In Boston.

The babies there know how to spell,
Their elders don't believe in—well,
They just believe, the truth to tell —
In Boston.

The Common is not common there —
In Boston.
And all three-cornered spots are square —
In Boston.

Where cultured culture has its cult,
And with each other may consult,
They can anticipate result —
In Boston.

No split infinitives abound —
In Boston.

Yet the objective may be found —
In Boston.

They love to talk of this, or that,
Until you wonder where they're at;
Strange theories beneath each hat —
In Boston.

Their ways are past all finding out —
In Boston.

And even subways turn about —
In Boston.

The only crooks are those of streets,
No Bird of prey the stranger greets,
And much is angular one meets —
In Boston.

You've heard, perhaps, about the maid —
In Boston.

Who finally became a shade —
In Boston.

She came to Heaven's outer gate,
And yet declined such happy fate,
But stated she would rather wait —
In Boston.

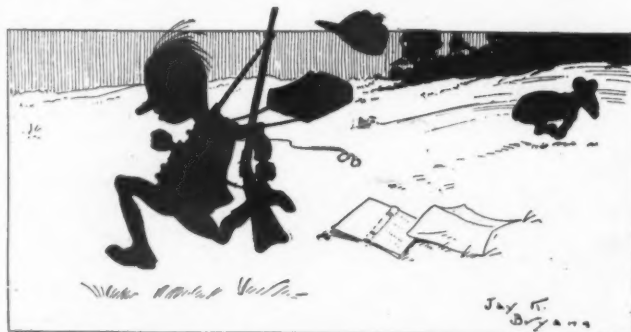
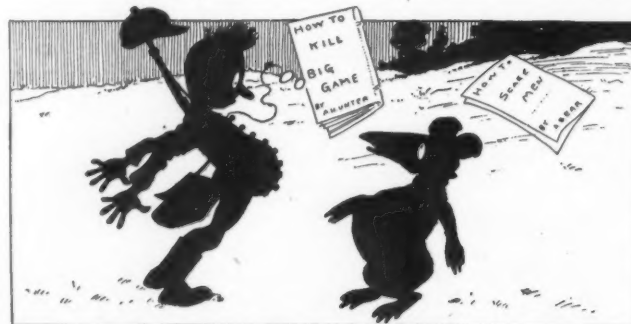
Eggleston Woodruff.

The Story of the R. O. G.

A RICH Old Gentleman, who was in Poor Health, returned to the Home of his Youth after an Absence of Many Years, to find himself eagerly Welcomed by his Relatives, two families of whom were Settled Near him.

One of these showed him tearfully how Poor and Needy they were; the Father was Crippled from Rheumatism, the Mother had lost the Use of her right Hand, the oldest Son was Out of a Position, and the Daughters were breaking Down from Overwork and Insufficient Food. Their every Act was Characterized by a Poverty as distressing as it was irritating.

The Other Family were as Poor as the first, but they Worked it Differently. They wore their best

TWO THEORISTS.

Clothes when they went to see their Aged Relative, talked largely of Moneyed Operations, and went without their Meals to hire a Swell Tarnout in which to Show him the Beanties of the Place. In fine, they Posed as Charming People, and emanated that air of Prosperity which is so Graceful and Comforting.

When the R. O. G. Made his Will, he Said to the Lawyer, Benevolently:

"I wish to leave my Indigent Relatives Two Hundred Dollars, for They are Very Needy, and a Little will go a long Way with Them, Poor Things. As for the Other Family—"

"You wish to Leave them Two Hundred Also?" asked the too obliging Lawyer.

"By No Means," replied the R. O. G., in Horror. "People in their Position would be Insulted with such a Small Gift; you must Remember that They are Accustomed to Money. Put Them Down for Twenty Thousand."

MORAL: Environment tells.

Incidental Glory.

IN an English account of the Philippine war we read this:

The American soldiers, after the outbreak of hostilities, were permitted to seize private carriages for their own use, and consequently no carriage was safe in the streets. On one occasion, two Mestisa ladies, driving over Paco bridge, were stopped by a gang of American soldiers, and were ordered out of their own carriage. The soldiers got in, as many of them as possible, and told the Filipino coachman to drive on. The coachman, seeing his mistress in the road crying, declined to do so. A soldier then raised his gun and shot him dead, pushed his body from the box, mounted it in his place, and drove the carriage away.

And why not? Didn't we own that carriage? When Mark Hanna paid twenty millions of dollars for those islands, were not the carriages and coachmen included? And who expects war to be pleasant for everybody?

If we are going to "take our place among the nations," we must not be too squeamish about these things.

The Ravages of Time.

MRS. WAILE: I'm sure the constant anxiety must have been terribly wearing.

MRS. LUERS: Wearing? Why, in the last three years I've grown to look at least six months older!

ONE night I was awakened by my husband telling me that our little girl, two years old, had the croup. I immediately arose, took her up and began realizing the truth for her. My husband, who is not a Scientist, but who can say that he has outgrown many old beliefs, was seized with fear, and said that something must be done for the child right away. . . . I requested him to read *Science and Health* aloud.

. . . . After reading two or three paragraphs, he said, "Isn't that beautiful!" . . . I soon saw that all fear was gone, and in a few seconds the child vomited and was relieved. She soon fell asleep and was put back to bed. . . . Before I could get off to sleep, however, the little one began again that hoarse, peculiar cough. It then flashed over me that I had not given thanks to God for what had been done. I arose again and read my Bible and *Science and Health* for a little while, giving all praise to God. My little

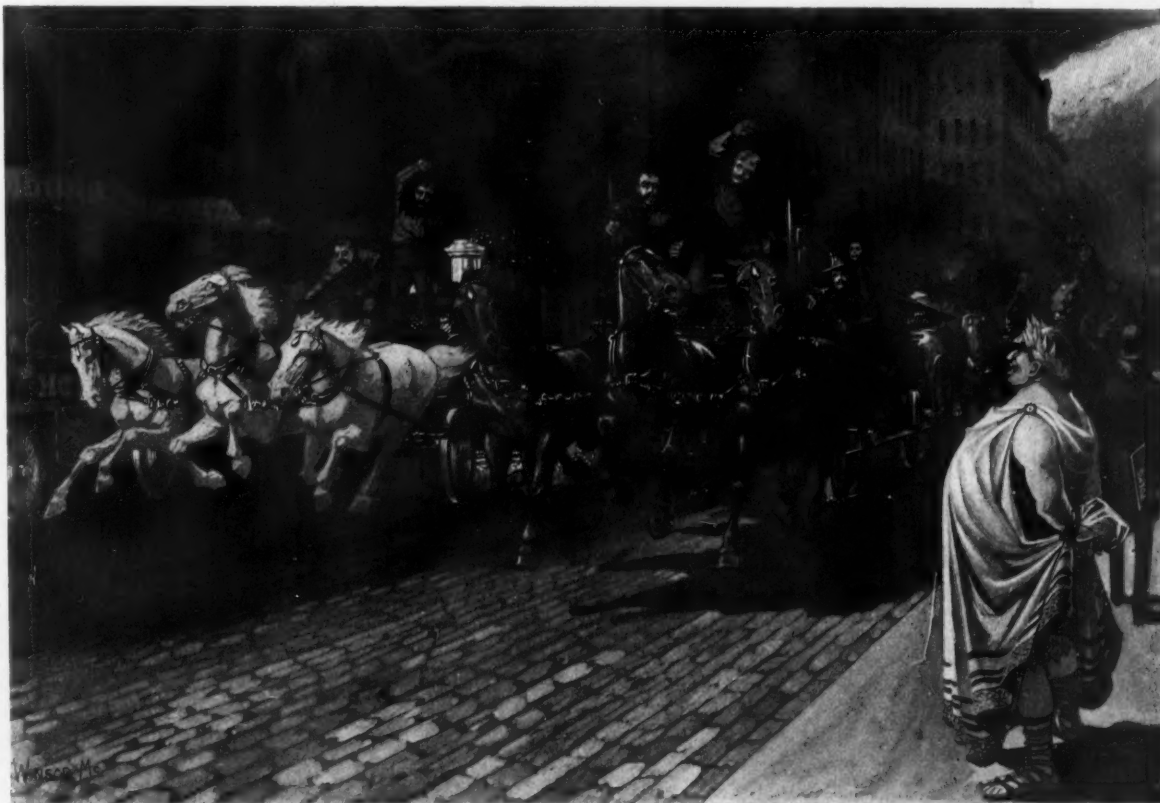
one in the meantime fell asleep again, and awoke the next morning bright and happy, the claim having entirely gone.

—From the *Christian Science Journal*.

One wonders what might have happened if the lady had not remembered her omission in the nick of time, but possibly this is provided for in some other way not explained. For the edification of its readers, LIFE remarks in passing that this is only a fair sample of what is appearing continually in *Christian Science journals*.

WHEN a bicyclist gets a bad fall by the breaking of the fork of his machine and is picked up by the police and sent to the hospital, let him, if he will, withhold his name, but let him, by all means, give the name of the maker of his bicycle. Folks who make bicycles that are weak in the fork should get all the accident advertisement that is coming to them.

CROOKED men often cast straight shadows.



IF NERO SHOULD COME BACK TO EARTH.



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A WIDOW AND HER
III.

SHE FINDS THAT EXERCISE DOES NOT



V AND HER FRIENDS.

III.

EXERCISE DOES NOT IMPROVE HER SPIRITS.



A Batch of Interesting Things.

NO matter how lavish the expenditure on productions of "Henry V.," the cause of Shakespeare on the American stage will not thereby be greatly advanced. In neither plot, thought nor speech is there much that savors of Shakespeare's genius at its best. It calls for so large a cast that to put all the parts in competent hands is out of the question.

Mr. Mansfield's production, generous as it is in splendor of scene and costume, suffers from the inadequacy of the acting, his own work and that of Mlle. Suzanne Santjé alone standing out with any distinction from the mass of mediocrity. Even so, Mr. Mansfield gains little glory from his own performance. In the main he carries himself with a kingly air of authority and delivers his lines so that they are understandable, but he ruins by his declamatory and choppy diction the beautiful soliloquy of the king in the fourth act. To offset this, the magnificent and carefully-arranged picture of the royal entry into London has rarely been equalled on the New York or any other stage, and it is worth sitting through the rest of the play to witness it.



"**SAN TOY**," at Daly's, is a remarkably light, cheerful and amusing musical entertainment. It comes from London, to be sure, and London's exportations in this line have, many of them, been the reverse of amusing. In addition to the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, only one or two of the Gaiety productions have appealed to American liking. "San Toy" ranks with the best of these last, and its bright, musical numbers and other cheery features are bound to give it a successful run in this country. The singing voices of the company at Daly's are not remarkable, but the musical features are catchy and not difficult to interpret. Mr. James T. Powers has a congenial part in *Li*, the Chinaman, and brings out all the fun there is in it. The piece also brings once more to agreeable notice George Fortescue, the ponderous comedian of classic "Evangeline." Here he is amusing as a Chinese mandarin, infested with a large number of wives. One of the most agreeable features of "San Toy" is the clever way in which pretty and graceful Minnie

Ashley sings and dances in the character of *Dudley*, a lady's maid. Her singing, dancing and acting, when she describes the career of a certain Rhoda, who kept a pagoda and sold tea, cakes and soda, is as dainty a bit as has been seen on the New York stage for many a long day. If Miss Ashley is ambitious and industrious she should have a career.

"San Toy" is a clever and delightful blue-devil exterminator.

MRS. SARAH COWELL-LE MOYNE—if stage people get to hyphenating and double-capitalizing their names, it will tax our memories to remember them—is an actress of the reposeful and naturalistic school. Her play, "The Greatest Thing in the World," tries the doubly dangerous experiment of making the heroine a matron with two grown-up sons, and of giving the matron a love-interest. In less skillful hands the result might be laughter-provoking, but Mrs. Le Moyne is so well poised and so little exaggerative in her methods that the love predicament of the piece seems not absurd. The motherly relation, however, supplies the dramatic interest and gives the actress with a long name, in the play with a long name, acting opportunities of which she avails herself artistically and well. It does not seem exaggeration to say that she beats Mrs. Madge Kendall at her own game of polite society impersonation, and that being only an American she should be entitled to greater credit. Her play is well staged, and she is well supported by a more than usually competent company. Mr. Lackaye, Mr. Glendinning, and Mr. Edeson have all had greater parts, but they gain praise for their smooth representation of types from every-day life.

"The Greatest Thing in the World" is not a dramatic masterpiece but, as it is acted, it tells a probable story in a credible way, and holds the spectator's interest.

MR. WILLIAM H. CRANE has for a long time been suffering from rôles that did not fit him. At last, however, he has crawled into the identity of *David Harum*, a character from real life made vivid in literature by the book of that title, and from the book successfully brought to stage life by Mr. Crane. The play as a vehicle for the part is sufficiently plausible, and is certainly an amusing portrayal of some aspects of rural life. It pictures *Harum* as the shrewd banker and horse trader, with a highly developed sense of humor. His practical joke on *Widow Cullum*—leaving her to believe that her home is to be sold under foreclosure, when in fact he holds the mortgage and intends to release her from her debt—is prolonged to the point of painfulness and seems out of line with *Harum's* genial nature. The play is well mounted and cast and provides an evening's wholesome enjoyment. The readers of the four hundred and sixty thousand copies of the book already sold will enjoy the play and give it a large and specially interested constituency. *Metcalfe.*

LIFE'S CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE TO THE THEATRES.

Theatre R-public.—James A. Herne's "Sag Harbor." Funny, American and highly artistic.

Empire.—John Drew, strenuous and pugnacious, as *Richard Carvel*.

Metropolitan Opera House.—Grand opera sung creditably in the language most universally spoken.

Daly's.—"San Toy." See above.

Knickerbocker.—Francis Wilson personally amusing in a light-waisted comic opera called "The Monks of Malabar."

Garriek.—"David Harum." See above.

Lucern.—Charming Annie Russell in a trivial but innocuous comedy, "A Royal Family."

Herald Square.—Augustus Thomas's well-written, well-produced and well-acted American play, "Arizona."

Wallack's.—Mrs. Le Moyne in "The Greatest Thing in the World." See above.

Garden.—Richard Mansfield in "Henry V." See above.

Like a Lot of Us.

PATIENT: Well, doctor, you will have to keep me alive till after election, anyway. I can't die unless I know McKinley is elected.

DOCTOR: Why not?

"Why, then I'll know that the country is safe—but it'll be a darned poor place to live in."

The Blessings of Extravagance.



ONE of the reasons why extravagance has been accounted a mortal sin, is because of its abuse by a class of incompetents who have thrown it into general disrepute, through a total disregard for the scientific principles which govern its development.

As with every other good thing, extravagance must be nursed with tender care, and, like some adolescent tree that tends toward irregularity of shape or outline, must be held straight until it is set in nature's design. So absorbed are we in getting the things we need, that we are too likely to overlook that larger kaleidoscope of things we do not need. And even if, in some transient fit of courage, we step up into that other world, it is almost certain that in our hurry we will grab the first thing we chance to see, without exercising that mature discrimination which comes from sober and wise and fearless desire.

In selecting the things we do not need, courage we must have: but not that intermittent, Bob Acres kind, that at the fatal moment when our fate hangs in the balance, oozes out at our finger tips. It requires no effort on our part to learn the things we need. Stern necessity teaches us that. But in the larger domain of seeming triviality, of wide limbed luxury, of beauty and joyous recklessness—that vast orchard of forbidden fruit—where shall we learn what trees to strip, but by intelligent, painstaking, persistent study? Herein lies the secret of success in extravagance.

Spending money is in itself an act of no especial consequence. There is attached to it no ritual, and, like the straight line in geometry, it is no more than the shortest distance between two points. But what we get for our money—that is what counts. If we buy what we can get along without, we should see that we have good measure, and that it is the right kind. To be cheated with the things we must have is bad enough: but it is truly a calamity when it concerns the things we do not need. In the one case necessity stands our stern sponsor, and we are not likely to make the same mistake again. But in the other, where we are wandering free, impelled only by our own fancy, our taste may be perverted, our judgment warped, our eyesight dimmed by yielding too suddenly to glitter-

ing and inconsequential baubles. It is often better to wait. If to-day we are wise enough to pass by the unnecessary thing we crave but cannot afford, to-morrow we may have the opportunity to select a thing much more important which is twice as unnecessary, but which may cost only half again as much.

The only mean thing in the universe is man. And he has slowly acquired his meanness by perverting nature to his own small ends. We would be the first to complain, if the eternal forces which go to make life possible should suddenly become niggardly in their gifts. We would rail at the clouds for skimping us of rain, or at the boundless ocean if it dwindled to rivulets. Man may hoard, however, and call it glory, and while he gesticulates with Jehovah upon his sacred mission, he holds behind him with his other hand the golden apple of eternal discord. John Rockefeller is not so poor as he might be if he had more money.

There is only one safe rule: first be sure of the things you don't need. The things you do need will take care of themselves. The man who starts out with well-defined ideas about his extravagance—who has learned beforehand all the things he cannot afford and decides that he will have them—such a man has a first mortgage on everything that money cannot buy.

The courage which comes from a judicious persistence in poverty is not to be measured in coin of the realm. Russell Sage has had hemorrhages of the soul for years, caused by the gold microbe. Man does not live by soul alone, or he would have been dead long ago.

Money is the most expensive thing a man buys. Let us part from it as fast as it comes, and satisfy our cravings after what, in reality, we cannot afford to do without—the things we do not need.

Tom Masson.



"SHE FOLDED HIM IN HER FOND EMBRACE."

THE Chinese authorities have been circulating a pamphlet against Christianity, which contains the following:

The religion of Tien-Tahu [literally, the sect of the Lord of the heavens] owes its origin to a man named Jesus. Its followers practice all kinds of evils without limit. They come together every seventh day of the week in the church, and as soon as the ceremonies are over they give themselves up to all kinds of excesses.

The Chinaman who got up this strange idea must have paid a visit to New York.

"WHAT has Simpkins left Wall Street for?"

"He is ambitious to earn enough money to buy a seat in the Stock Exchange."

Love's Waking.

LOVE lies asleep. What dreams be round
him thronging
Poets may guess.
But he is tired of hope and fear — of
longing—
Of passion's stress—
Tired, through long years, from the world's
first beginning;
Too tired to wake,
At Wealth's loud call, at Beauty's whisper,
winning,
Or answer make,
Though king command, and minstrel, in
true metre,
Plead, praise and weep—
Than anything on earth, ah, rest is sweeter!
Love lies asleep.

Lo! Two young pilgrims come from wood-
land closes,
Barefoot, yet gay,
Clothed with scarce else than garland-veils
of roses,
Sweet beggars, they—
Full of health's bliss, of life, of joy, im-
mortal,
Untouched by sin.
Who know not why they sing beside Love's
portal
Till Love joins in. *Madeline Bridges.*

An Ancient Enemy.

"**I**T rained night before last, and
drizzled along till about ten
o'clock yesterday forenoon," said Uncle
Zadok, with an unaccustomed gentle-
ness in his acrid voice, "and then the
sun popped out, and the folks scattered
this way and that and left me alone.
"Presently, it began to drizzle again
and, naturally, I had to do something
to pass the time. So, bime-by, I
grunted my rheumatic way up to the
attic, and poked around under the
rafters, seein' what I could see and
inhalin' the honest smells from the
bunches of sage and summer-savory
hangin' by the chimney, and listenin'
to the *pickity-pick* of the rain on the
shingles. Directly, I thought I heard
a rat gnawin', and started to hunt him
out; and pretty soon I came across
what was one of my bitterest enemies,
in the long-ago when I was a lad and
dragged a couple of wart-trimmed feet
day after day to the faded old school-
house on the hill—a mildewed book
that had been reposin' for years at the
bottom of a venerable hair-trunk,
close back under the eaves.

"It was a history of the world,

written when the earth was a lot more
homeopathic than it is at present, or at
least the important parts of it were a
good deal less numerous. When I
used to study it I was ready to make
oath that its author was an oppressor
of the youth, with his painstakin' de-
scriptions of the quaint cuttin'-up of
one and another illustrious Tom, Dick
and Harry, and his solemn moralizin'
thereon. I used to snort at his in-
genious descriptions of the prominent
figures of history, beginnin' with the
Primeval Man, with his stone-headed
smasher trimmed with the dried gray-
matter of his fellow-citizens; King
What's - His - Name, who regularly
thrashed his wife, causin' the historian
to observe that kings bore a marked
resemblance to common folks, and
Xerxes, who started to invade Greece,
and, findin' Mount Athos in his path,
sent a note to the mountain com-
mandin' it to get out of his way, and
who also, havin' built a bridge of boats
across the Hellespont and havin' it
torn to pieces by the waves, com-
manded the sea to be soundly whipped
for its disrespectful conduct; likewise
Chang-tsung, a Chinese emperor, who
made a specialty of sleepin' on the bare
ground with a sheep-bell tied to
his neck, and when, upon turnin'
over, the bell awakened him,
hoppin' up and declarin' it
was mornin', and that every-
body but sluggards had slept
long enough; and also the
various persons prominently
figgerin' in the Trojan War,
about which, after givin'
Homer's views on the sub-
ject, the historian remarked
that the whole thing was
probably much less impor-
tant than Homer let on, for
poets, he had discovered, did
not always tell the truth;
and so forth, touchin' up
one illustrious crank and
another, clear down to what
was the present at the time
the history was written.

"I remember how I used
to hate that old book and its
author, as I toiled night after night
by the light of a tallow-dip in order
to memorize my lesson sufficiently
well to gabble it off without under-
standin' on the morrow. But,

yesterday, when I looked through the
quaint old volume, with its stilted
phraseology, its leaves yellowed by
time and freckled with mildew, and
read again the historian's grave from-
this-we-should-learn, I discovered that
he was not, after all, the enemy my boy-
ish fancy had thought him, but a dear,
delicious old wag. And, readin' along,
I forgot my long-standin' grudge
against him, and kind of rubbed my
eyes, on account of the dim light in
the garret, of course, and —

"But mebbly you've known how it
was, yourself, some time or other."

Tom P. Morgan.

Proof Positive.

PERKER: Doubt the Genesis story
of the unity of the human race!
Why, sir—

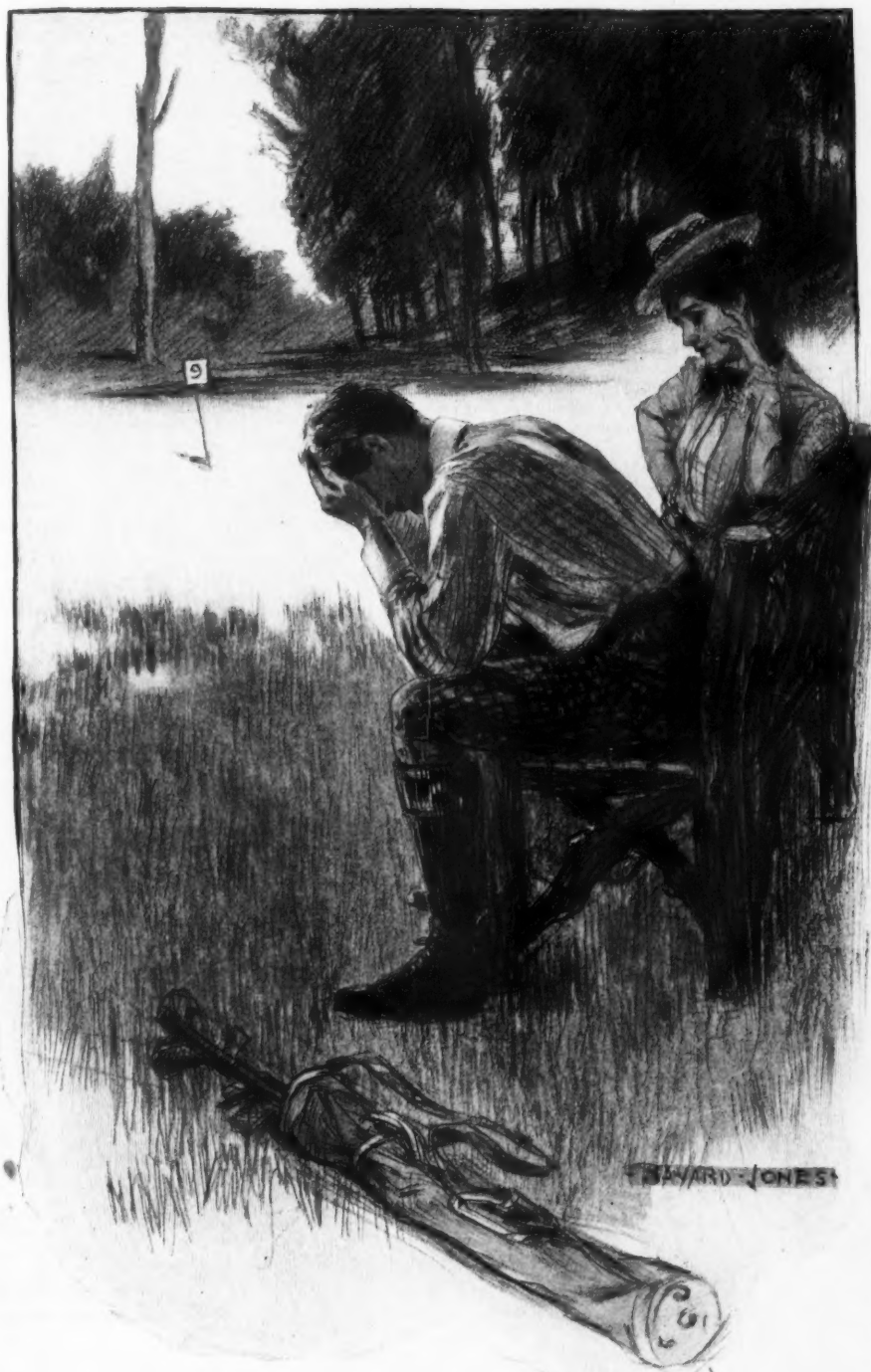
HAPPY: But men of science —

"Men of science! Listen to any
conversation in any language, any-
where, and you will find the men
talking about their digestion, and the
women about their cooks."

IF women were mind readers, pos-
terity would be a thing of the
past.



THE CENSORSHIP OF THE PRESS.



SERIOUS.

NO, THIS IS NOT A REFUSAL. HE REALIZES NOW THAT HE SHOULD HAVE USED THE MID-IRON INSTEAD OF THE CLEEK.

On the Way Home.

SHE: Oh, I'm so tired!

HE: Poor little woman!

"You know Professor Buxley took me in to dinner; and he's so intelligent."

"THEY say that Nature abhors a vacuum."

"That is the difference between Nature and the U. S. Government. There is no provision in the constitution to fill the vacant office of Vice-President."

THERE are grounds for divorce to be found in the lives of all men.

Lost, Strayed or Stolen.

THE circulation editors of the great daily journals, powerful once, have vanished. The papers nowadays are content to say that their circulation is double that of any two contemporaries; or that it is a million a week, or something else which expresses but a vague, general idea.

What has become of the circulation editors? Did they don the uniform of their country to figure in the list of "missing" after some great siege or battle?

Not at all; they have found green fields and pastures new — not only new, but near.

They live in luxury; they have taken an upward step. They work for the publishers of popular novels. Their handiwork, but slightly disguised, is seen throughout the land.

Does a romantic college girl write a story? The first edition is one hundred and fifty thousand copies. Orders for the entire second "impression" are received before the first edition has been delivered.

Does Sharkleigh Fitzblimmons touch the Boxer question?

Instantly his Chinese career is laid before the public. And after his work has passed the quarter-million mark, his publishers announce a limited edition de luxe bound in sponge with decorations in bottle-green.

Are not these figures the work of the circulation editor of a day gone by? And are not the publishers who scoffed at such methods, too, a part of the things that were? Or are we coming to the day when each newsboy will receive his stock of morning novels, sell a million of them by noon, and then discard them for a later romance, of which he will sell four hundred thousand copies before dusk?

LIFE.



TO THE GIBSON GIRL.

("La Belle Dame Sans Merci.")

O fair and tall divinity!
Imperious queen of liquid air!
When wilt thou cease to freeze mankind
With arctic stare?

Hast ever had a suitor smart
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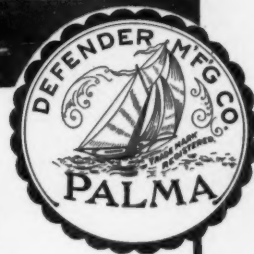
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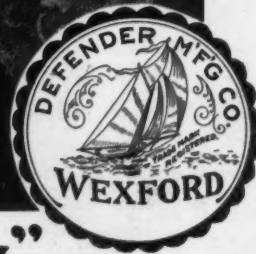
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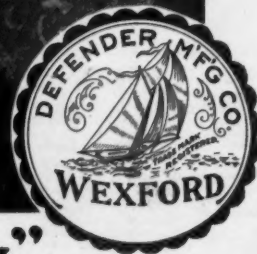
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"YOUR 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' seems like a brand new play."

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— *Detroit Free Press*.

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MISS PARNAY: Yes, and when he proposed, I tried to pretend that I didn't care for him at all. I tried hard not to let him read any encouragement in my face, but he did.

MISS PEPPREY: Ah! I suppose he could read between the lines. — *Philadelphia Press*.

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POLAR EXPLORER: What shall I call my new book? "A Dash for the Pole"?

PUBLISHER: No. Call it "A Dash for the Lecture Platform." — *Baltimore American*.



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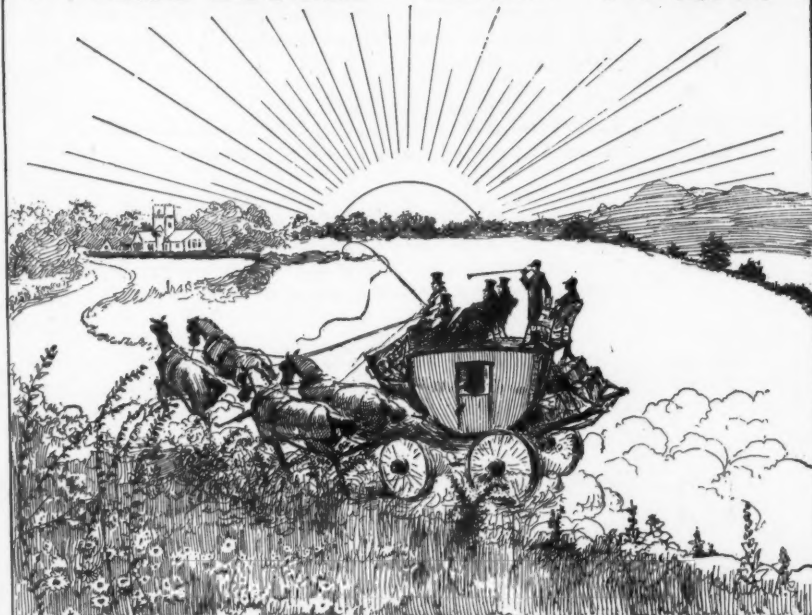
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